

A N  
**A D D R E S S**  
 TO THE  
**COLCHESTER BURGESSES.**  
 FROM A  
**B R O T H E R B U R G E S S.**

MY Townsmen, and Friends, you are all gone astray,  
 And cannot perceive the clear Light of the Day,  
 Let me hold up a Glass that will help you to see,  
 The Intentions of those who your Tyrants would be.  
 Compare a brave Man who for you stands all Danger,  
 With a **TOOL**, a **CONTRACTOR**, a **JOBBER**, a **STRANGER**,  
 What a palpable Shame ! should this *Thing* be elected,  
 And the brave gallant **A F F L E C K**, be scorn'd and neglected ?  
 But who are the Fardles that make up this Throng,  
 Who drive Sense, and Reason, and Conscience along,  
 Is *Grampus* your Champion that overgrown lubber ?  
 Oh ! leave him to sink and be choak'd in his Blubber :  
 With him the *rum Duke*, What a noble Alliance ?  
 To set Order, and Merit, and Truth at Defiance.  
 Behold a grand Concourse of *Tatterdemallions*,  
 Of ragged, and squalid, and greasy rascallions,  
 By Liquor enflam'd to a Liberty Fever,  
 Opposition they roar, and the Stranger for ever !  
 We will not have Men we can see every Day,  
 As once we were fool'd by **REBOW**, and by **GRAY**,  
 A Stranger, who knows not our Humour, and fees us,  
 Will always spend more than a Townsman who sees us,  
 We'll vote for the Man, who'll replenish our Pitcher,  
 We'll squeeze him my Boys, and be never the richer.  
 All Strangers are noble, and gen'rous and clever,  
 Opposition, my Boy, and a Stranger for ever !  
 Who dare to oppose us ? Who dare to remind us ?  
 The Parish, you know, is bound ever to find us.  
 Are these your Supporters—your Country's Disgraces,  
 Who spurn your Assistance, and laugh in your Faces ?  
 We'll clamour at Hardships, in Hopes that they'll mind it,  
 And we'll roar out for Work, but we wish not to find it.  
 Oh ! Brethren, awake ! list ! to what I now tell ye,  
 'Tis a Truth, that's well known,—“ Those who buy ye, will sell ye,”  
 Thus bought, and thus sold, see your true situation,  
 You'll be chronicled Fools, in the Face of the Nation.  
 Awake then ! and attend ! The Day is at Hand !  
 For your Town, for your Country-man, now make a stand—  
 Then your Conduct, and Courage, shall meet its Reward ?  
 Or, your Folly and Infamy, stand on Record.